

# QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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## \* Queen's College Journal \*

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WE do not think that our readers will charge us with being over-anxious to run an opposition sheet to the *Presbyterian Review*, the *Canada Presbyterian*, the *Dominion Churchman*, the *Canada Methodist Magazine*, or any of the well-known denominational periodicals of our country. Indeed, as we shall see a little later on, the *Review* seems to think that we have gone to the other extreme. But

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven—a time to mourn and a time to dance,"

and a time to do several other things, as the inquisitive reader may discover by a reference to Ecclesiastes. Of course, there is an infant party in the University and the country who think they can improve the Word by striking out some of its wise sayings and inserting some amendments of their own; but, to paraphrase Principal Grant's words of the other night, "The Bible is a good enough book for us," and we are quite ready to take our chances with it.

There is a time, then, to write a New Year's editorial; and if we do not make it as long as the Westminster Confession, or the 119th Psalm, we hope that none of our good old Presbyterian readers will give it the go-by on this account. We are not babbling over with a desire to rehearse all the fatalities of the past twelve months and hold them up as a warning to the miserable sinners of our acquaintance; but we do, nevertheless, believe that a very slight reflection on all the goodness of that God who is

"—not a God afar,  
But ever present, ever nigh;  
And ready still in every star  
To hear his children's cry,"

will, while the record of the New Year is still a stainless one, forget the desire of having the succeeding pages of that record as bright and unsullied as the first. So long as men do not

"—wear their hearts upon their sleeves,  
For daws to peck at,"

it must be true that any attempt to judge other men will be a very imperfect one at best; and any code of ethics, to be at all universal in character, must be on the broadest possible lines. There is, however, one point on which, we fancy, all men are agreed, and that is the folly of acquiring the habit of using intoxicants in student-days. Some of the very best men in the University to-day, men of the most charming manners and keenest minds, use intoxicants. We do not say that they are often intoxicated, for this is not, we are glad to say, true; but, nevertheless, they do indulge to a certain extent.

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We think that there is a good chance for a set of resolutions in this line, as well as in many another, and, as we wish our readers A happy New Year! we hope that the boys will help to make it so for themselves by decisive action in this matter. We had intended to throw out a couple of suggestions to some of our Y.M.C.A. men, such as that if they took something off the length of their faces and added it on by way of breadth, if they smiled a little more and sighed a little less, they might increase their influence a trifle, but we forbear:

"To step aside is human,"

as dear old Robbie says, and the chances are that we do about as much in that line ourselves as any one. So to one and all—A happy New Year!

We regret that the editorial of the last issue, in which we spoke of mathematics as being "fixed beyond all change," should have been misconstrued to mean that there had been no *improvement* in the mathematical department during the last few years. Such an idea is perfectly preposterous, and we feel assured that our old professor will do us the justice of believing that it never entered our mind. If we did not take first-class honors and the gold medal in mathematics, we are quite satisfied that he does not on that account bear us an unyielding grudge, and we certainly can carry through life none but the very kindest recollections of one of the most perfect teachers and kindest hearted gentlemen it has ever been our pleasure to meet. The editorial in question could never be twisted to mean anything of the kind except by reading it wholly apart from the context. What it meant to say, and what it did say, was that this department had never yet been made optional. We said then, and say yet, it is time it should.

We have received a communication from some one unknown on the subject of literature, bees, dreams, Gulliver, philosophy and mathematics. It was probably intended as a Christmas present for the editor. We have accordingly laid it carefully away in tissue paper until what time the subscription list is all paid in, when we intend to frame it. One of its chief beauties, apart from the variety of subjects embraced, is that it will read either backwards or forwards with equal facility and force; or, in case of an emergency, one might begin in the middle and read up and down alternately. We beg to remind our friends that all contributions, to ensure insertion, must have the author's signature attached, not necessarily for publication, but etc.

There were several points made by the Principal in his address of the 22nd which are well worth the consideration of our students. In the first place his idea of patriotism was tersely expressed in the single sentence "Canada is a good enough country for me." In these last days when everyone is ranting about loyalty, and when loyalty may be taken to mean devotion to British interests, to the interests of one particular province at the expense of other portions of the Dominion, to the interests of the United States, or anything else under heaven except the one thing needful, it is encouraging to find one public man to whom patriotism means devotion to Canada and her interests first, last, and all the time--against any other country whatsoever.

Again, on the question of sectarianism, his opinions do not seem to have been much modified by his trip; or, if they have, it is only in the right line, that of greater breadth.

"Where do I place the Church? Along with political parties. I look more to the character of the man than

the Church he belongs to. If he is a good citizen and a true man in his family, I have no fear of the Church."

We have no desire to mar the beauty of this extract by commenting at length upon it. We only pause to notice that Principal Grant would never have reached the spiritual height marked by the above words through the course adopted by some men of reading only their own side of religious questions, and looking upon all others as devices of him who was once called the "Son of the Morning."

The reverend gentleman gave utterance to another idea well worth the thought of all who are interested in theological topics, when he said in his sermon of Sabbath morning that "the Bible was not a catechism but an organism," and that for this reason all of its truths were not of equal importance.

This idea, which is the outcome of an age of theological inquiry such as perhaps the Church never before witnessed, if taken to heart and made the watchword of practical homiletics, would do much to allay the bitterness of sectarian strife, and to hasten the coming of the time when all these petty lines of difference in the Church shall be destroyed, and Christianity shall present to the world an unbroken front such as has not been hers since the days of her infancy.

The discussion which the publication of Robert Elsmere has provoked both at home and abroad is an interesting comment upon the power which religious questions have to-day to stir the hearts of men. We propose at a later time to consider the work at some length. Meanwhile, for the benefit of our readers, we publish a single extract from the Rev. Joseph Cook's article in the current number of *The North American Review*:

"'Robert Elsmere' is the echo of an echo. In its central anti-supernaturalistic contentions, it is largely a rehash of the anonymous work, 'Supernatural Religion,' which some years ago made considerable noise in England. That work was substantially an echo of a now decadent continental school of rationalistic criticism, led chiefly by Strauss and Renan. Matthew Arnold's own positions in relation to historic Christianity were largely such an echo. It is or ought to be well known that, after full and prolonged hearing, they have produced small effect upon real experts in the field of discussion to which they refer. Mrs. Ward's book echoes on this subject her uncle's now really belated and outgrown opinions. Roger Wendover is a disciple of a school of anti-supernaturalism that has been discredited in the highest circles of scholarship in Germany for nearly a quarter of a century. He is the echo of an echo after the original voice has ceased to be authoritative.

"Strauss himself abandoned the famous Mythical Hypothesis before he died. It was buried before its author, as every scholar knows. Professor Christlieb

and Professor Luthardt, foremost among thoroughly evangelical experts of Germany in the department of the Christian evidences, assure the world that Strauss' theory no longer needs to be answered in the theological departments of the German universities. 'It has been swept out at the back-doors of German intellectual workshops,' said Professor Christlich, 'once to the present writer, and it ill becomes Englishmen or Americans to feed on food that Germans have thrown out of doors as intellectual refuse.'"

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We have noticed with much pleasure that one of the stories in the *Christmas Globe* is from the pen of our fellow-student Mr. T. G. Marquis. It is a tale of New Brunswick fisher life, simply and clearly told; and its descriptions of the scenery of the Miramichi are much above the ordinary. We should like to see more of this sort of thing from the students of Queen's. Her record in literature in the past surpasses that of any other of our Canadian universities, and we should see to it that she holds this position in the future. The tale in question did not give Mr. Marquis very much of an opportunity of showing what he can do; but, making allowance for the limitations of space and time, it was exceedingly well done.

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The *Presbyterian Review* objects to our publishing extracts from George Moore's "Confessions," and virtually charges us with making light of the blood spilled on Calvary. With all due deference to the *Review*, we fail to see how it can support such a charge. Is it because, at one particular period in his life, that very wonderful young man became more impressed with the love of the flesh than of the spirit? If it is, we do not see why it did not go a step further and charge us with being at the same time a materialist like Ivan Turgenev or a fatalist like Horace. We published extracts from all three not because they expressed our views on life or death, but simply because they were literature. And we do not think that shutting off our students from books of which the world is talking will make them any better Christians, but worse. The more our students know about the world, the more they know about human nature, its weaknesses, its failures, its follies—the broader will be their sympathy and the greater the good which they will do in the Church and the world.

## ♦ ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS ♦

### COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

IN the present crusade against competitive examinations it becomes thoughtful men to pause and consider whither we are tending. That our own educational system, as well as that of the mother country, has in late years developed a marked mechanical tendency, few will deny; but that competitive examinations have wholly, or even largely, contributed to this result, awaits proof.

True, in Britain, payment by results superadded to competitive examinations has certainly exercised a pernicious influence upon the course of true education; and it may be admitted that, as far as that system has been adopted in this country, its evil influence has been felt. That which was intended to operate as a salutary spur to the indolent teacher has proved to be a thorn in the flesh of the pupil as well. This might have been anticipated, but was not. Now that teachers are more or less fully alive to a sense of duty, by all means discard the spur. But does it follow that, because the spur is found to be pernicious in its effects, the bridle shall be discarded also? We think not.

### COMPULSORY VOTING.

A WELL-KNOWN Canadian paper seems to think that some measure should be taken to compel all to whom the franchise is extended to vote at the elections. The object of this proposed measure is to rouse men from their state of indifference, and thus lessen the possibility of corrupting the elections. There does not seem to be anything fundamentally wrong in compelling those who have votes to cast them; still it is questionable whether such a measure would result in any practical advantage. Extreme advocates of personal freedom—men who are unable to distinguish between national license—men who have no conception of what is really implied in personal liberty—would, no doubt, cry out against compulsion on the ground that the state is interfering with the natural rights of the individual. Such an objection is based on a false conception of the relation existing between the individual and the state. Individual rights are not inherent qualities, nor appendages which are born with us, but they are possessions which we come to have from being members of a social and political organism. The state vests in the individual the right of voting, and this implies that the individual has a corresponding duty to perform towards the state. Therefore, when the individual ceases to observe this duty, by ceasing to exercise his franchise, the state may justly cease to extend the right to him on the ground that it is given only on the condition that it be used to further the national well-being. The withdrawing of the franchise from non-voters for a certain limited time might have a tendency to stir up a public spirit in the indifferent; but the imposition of a fine, though not in itself unjust, is a hopeless means of reform. For, in the first place, it would raise up an element hostile to the state; and, in the second place, no advantage can accrue to the state from the votes of men who are purely selfish.

Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne. If that tie be all smothered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe; its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death.—*W. Foster.*

## \*THE FOOTLIGHTS.\*

## "YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."

IN maintaining that Gilbert and Sullivan have scored another success in "The Yeomen of the Guard," we think we voice public sentiment. The Opera House was well filled on Friday evening, Dec. 21st, by that select audience which Kingston can so easily produce when anything worthy of its patronage is presented, and the consensus of opinion pointed decidedly to unqualified praise. The company is a good one, well balanced and effective, the choruses strong, and the leading voices well up to the standard. The costumes are magnificent, and, in our opinion, exceed anything of the kind that has ever been seen on the Kingston stage. The plot is laid in and about the historic Tower of London, the scenery of which the company carries with it. "The Yeomen of the Guard" contains scarcely as much dialogue as its predecessors, and will not, we fancy, from the superior style of music adopted, be as widely quoted. To appreciate the libretto it is a *sine qua non* that one must see it produced, the songs, etc., being so interwoven that one may not appear alone with advantage. Miss Helen Lamont, the prima donna, has a soprano voice of wonderful range and power, and her command over the technique of her art is certainly marvellous, but we failed to notice that sympathetic vein which is so conspicuous in the contralto of Miss Baker, who, by the way, is an old favorite, having, with N. S. Burnham, appeared in Ruddigore and Mikado.

In appending a few of the chief roles we refrain from adding an outline of the plot, which may be found complete elsewhere:

Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant of the Tower. . . . . Mr. Joseph C. Fay  
Colonel Fairfax, under sentence of death. Geo. Traverser  
Sergeant Meryll, of the Yeomen of the Guard. . . . . Signor Brocolini  
Leonard Meryll, his son. . . . . Edward Gervaise  
Jack Point, a strolling jester. . . . . James Gilbert  
Wilfred Shalbolt, head jailer of the tower and assistant tormentor. . . . . N. S. Burnham  
The headsmen. . . . . C. Sonle  
Elsie Maynard, a strolling singer. . . . . Miss Lamont  
Phoebe Meryll, Sergt. Meryll's daughter. Miss Alice Carle  
Dame Caruthers, housekeeper to the tower. . . . . Miss Mahella Baker  
Kate, her niece. . . . . Miss Millard

The rendition of Haydn's grand oratorio, "Creation," by the Kingston Choral Society, some time ago, and which we briefly noticed in our last issue, was undoubtedly the most artistically rendered chorus that has been heard in this city. The soloists were Miss Smart, of Brockville, soprano; Mrs. Betts, of Kingston, soprano; Mr. Stancliffe, of Montreal, bass; and Mr. J. Greenwood, of Kingston, tenor. Of the soloists the favorites were Miss Smart and Mr. Stancliffe, both of whom completely captivated the audience.

## \*LITERATURE.\*

## FROM KALLISTRATOS.

IN a myrtle bough will I wrap my sword,  
Like Harmodios and Aristogiton,  
The day they struck the tyrant down  
And Athens freed, their native town.

Harmodios dear, thou art not dead!  
In the isles of the blest men fame thee,  
Where swift Achilles lives in light,  
And Diomedes, skilled in fight.

In a myrtle bough will I wrap my sword,  
Like Harmodios and Aristogiton,  
When at the shrine of Athens they  
Did the tyrant Hipparchos slay.

For aye thro' the world shall your deed be told,  
Loved Harmodios and Aristogiton,  
Because ye struck the tyrant down  
And Athens freed, your native town.

A. B. N.

## FIRST LOVE.

I.  
Ah, love is deathless! We do cheat  
Ourselves who say that we forget  
Old fancies. Last love may be sweet;  
First love is sweeter yet.

II.  
And day by day more sweet it grows  
Forevermore, like precious wine,  
As Time's thick cobwebs o'er it close  
Until it is divine.

III.  
Grows dearer every day and year,  
Let other loves come, go at will:  
Although the last love may be dear,  
First love is dearer still.

From "Lyrics," by  
GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.

## THE BEGGAR.

I PASSED along the street. . . . A beggar stopped  
me, an infirm old man.

The inflamed, tearful eyes, and blue lips, the coarse  
rags, the loathsome sores. . . . Ah, how frightfully  
had poverty disfigured this being!

He stretched out his dirty, red, swollen hand towards  
me, . . . he moaned, and whimpered for charity.

I searched all my pockets, . . . neither purse nor  
watch, nor handkerchief could be found. . . . I had  
brought nothing with me.

The beggar waited, . . . and his outstretched hand  
shook slightly and quivered.

Distressed and embarrassed, I seized the soiled hand

and pressed it. . . . "My brother, blame me not, I have nothing, brother."

The beggar turned his red eyes upon me; his blue lips parted in a smile—and he pressed my fingers (which had grown chill) in return.

"It matters not, brother," he faltered; "I thank you all the same. For that was a gift, my brother."

And I realized that I also had received a gift from my brother.

February, 1878.

IVAN TORGENTRE.

### A DAY ON THE RIDEAU.

THERE are, in this Canada of ours, regions of beauty and grandeur that but few eyes have gazed upon, and which, instead of being inaccessible and remote, are at our very doors, but hidden by the veil of our ignorance and indifference regarding them.

The Rockies, Niagara and the Thousand Islands, grand and awe-inspiring as they are, are not the only scenes of natural beauty in our native land worthy to rank as high as the highest of those in other countries. Let us look and see if we cannot chance upon one of these bits of fairyland.

How many of you, my readers, have seen the Rideau river? I need hardly wait for an answer, for I am convinced there are but few. Let us, however, in spite of the frost and snow which now are considerably more common than gently flowing waves and green-mantled hills, banish the calendar and in imagination take a summer voyage to Smith's Falls.

The sun has just risen, this cool July morning, on the old city of Kingston. The screech of the whistle calls us all on board, the ropes are loosed, the wheels revolve, and off we go.

Through a narrow, winding channel, which reminds us of the labyrinths of ancient Greece, we pass low banks on either hand until we come to the rocky gorge at the entrance to our first lock at Kingston Mills, six miles north of the city. Here we ascend, through four locks, about forty-five feet, and while this is going on we have plenty of time to look about us and admire the attractiveness of the surroundings. High, rocky hills, covered with verdure, rising on either side of the narrow river, which reflects their beauties on its calm surface, rapid, rushing waterfalls, sloping lawns, covered with a green velvet sod and shaded by graceful maples—a paradise for picnickers, an overflowing draught for the thirsty soul of an artist.

But our steamer is ready for us again, and on we glide through a maze of stumps and shoals which threaten our safety, but past which we smoothly run, thanks to our pilot's skillful arm, on and on toward the green rocky shore which seems to block the channel, till we begin to wonder if this is to be the end. Suddenly the land breaks and we see an opening—so narrow, indeed, that doubts arise within us as to the possibility of such a bulky craft as ours passing through. But on we go. The

opening widens and we rush through, almost touching the overhanging trees on either bank, emerging into one of those picturesque little lakes so freely distributed on this river.

The shores now are becoming less rocky and barren, and a mantle of green covers them all, stretching from the surface of the river to the summit of the high range of hills on either side. We almost feel the solitude and silence which reign here, and it is seldom we come across any evidences of man's handiwork. Everywhere wild, ragged hills, dense, impassable forests, and low, irregular shores meet the eye, until suddenly we round a point and approach the heavy masonry of a collection of locks.

These useful obstacles are scattered pretty freely on this peculiar stream, and serve to break the monotony which often oppresses the traveller in an unbroken run of several hours through even the most enchanting scenery. Most of them are beautifully situated, and the combination of the artificial with the natural makes a decidedly attractive picture. Unquestionably the finest of these is at Jones' Falls, which we reach after a run of several hours, and as there are here five locks to pass through in order to rise ninety feet, we may as well disenchant and spend our time surveying the beauty of the place.

A short walk takes us to where the river leaps over a partially artificial barrier, and, rushing through a narrow rent in the rocks, winds its way in rapid, foaming waves to the foot of the gorge. The trees on either hand overhang the fall, their branches almost meeting in a natural arch, and, viewed from below, the whole scene is wonderfully grand.

But all this takes time, and before we have time to thoroughly digest what we have seen we must hurry on board in obedience to the sharp whistle, giving only a glance at the immense dam, which is one hundred and twenty feet high, and built of enormous blocks of grey sandstone.

The islands now become more numerous, and the channel shoots in and out among them in its erratic course till our minds grow bewildered and we hopelessly lose our bearings. But somehow or other the way opens up as we advance, and after passing through Newboro Cut we soon emerge into Rideau Lake, which is the largest on the river, and the highest point between Kingston and Ottawa. This may seem strange to many, but it is a fact that the Rideau flows both ways, and we now begin to descend.

Rideau Lake stretches for ten miles, and is full of small, nicely shaded islands, which are well patronized by campers in the summer months. Having crossed the lake, a short run brings us to the most beautiful part of this picturesque river, Pullamalee Cut, and just as we enter it the sun, bathed in golden splendor, is approaching the horizon, making the whole scene appear indescribably lovely. Pullamalee Cut is a narrow, artificial canal, about two miles long, and was constructed about a century ago, but since then the hand of Nature has been at

work clothing the once barren shores with a mantle of ivy, overhung with gracefully drooping trees. We almost hold our breath as we quietly glide along, and when we again join the river proper we reluctantly look back and feel as if we had had a glimpse of Paradise.

Just as the darkness is growing dense, and the shores are becoming indefinite and gloomy, we reach the end of our trip and go ashore at Smith's Falls, rather weary, but nevertheless full of enthusiasm and satisfaction. Fare, please!

### \* EXCHANGES.\*

THE following is taken from one of our exchanges. It expresses our sentiments very fairly in regard to the narrow, illiberal spirit that is manifested in an article on "The Theatre and the Church".

"We have a certain hesitancy in opening the *Presbyterian College Journal*, because it is painful to find the broad, liberal thinking and universal charity of many of its articles marred by the narrowness and assumption of certain pages that the editors should not admit, and which go to spoil a whole number. The November number is so spoiled by the treatment of an article on 'The Theatre and the Church.' With the question itself we have nothing to do, but it is a mistake for so respectable a journal to give space to a contributor who affirms that one who goes to the theatre becomes 'intimate with the swearer, the Sabbath breaker, the infidel, and the liar.' Of course, if one wishes to make a crusade against everything artistic, he can be easily met; but one who asserts that it is the aim of the theatre to ridicule the religion of Christ, and to profane the name of God, and assigns it a place in Hades, has sadly missed the mark of modern Christian teaching. Such a tone savors strongly of the spirit of Alexander the coppersmith, and goes to discredit the truth when it is spoken. Young men should beware of cant; it blinds to higher things. There is much in the theatre to be condemnol, and a high ground for censure, but the *Journal* can be assured that the age of gross violence in the treatment of moral questions has vanished with inquisitions of all kinds."—Catholic and Protestant.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* does not appear to have a "dread apprehension" of the Senate, but speaks out boldly, suggesting improvements in the curriculum. We agree with the *Gazette* that such subjects as history, political science and metaphysics are at least quite as valuable for developing the mind as classics, and that a knowledge of them will be, for many, more useful in after life, because it leads to a broader acquaintance with the world of to-day.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is always welcome to our table. It compares favorably with the best of the exchanges. Its continued articles on "The French Drama," contributed by Rev. S. Fitté, C.S.C., are extremely interesting and edifying, and will reward careful perusal.

### \* COLLEGE NEWS.\*

#### THE PRINCIPAL'S RETURN.

WHEN the telegram came from Principal Grant announcing his safe arrival in Vancouver and the probability of his reaching Kingston on the 22nd, great was the disappointment felt by the students, as but few would be here to welcome him owing to the Christmas vacation. However, those who could possibly do so remained to meet him, and arrangements were quickly made by those few to make up for the deficiency in numbers by the warmth and cordiality of their greeting. With great thoughtfulness and kindness Mr. B. W. Folger, Superintendent of the K. & P. RR., placed at the disposal of the students a comfortable car, and invited as many as possible to go to Sharbot Lake to meet the Principal there. His offer was promptly accepted, and when at 12:40 o'clock on Saturday afternoon the train steamed from the station, a good crowd of the boys was on board.

Whether it was owing to their anticipations regarding the Principal, or the necessary result of a free ride, or the inspiration caused by the Christmas vacation, we know not, but certain it is that—well, to put it mildly, one would hardly have thought a Quaker meeting was going on in that car. For war had been declared. Healed by the Y. M. C. A. President, a courageous few had attempted to take forcible possession of a seat upon which four seniors were lazily reclining. The charge was resisted, the spectators joined in, but just before any blood was spilled the brakeman shoved his head in at the door and yelled "Yowwawoo!" or something like that, and as the train slowed up open vent all windows and out went all heads to view the situation and smile at any village daisies that were in sight. Mighty few were, however, fortunately for them.

Then screech went the whistle and they were off again—some, by the way, remained "off" all afternoon. A few minutes before three Sharbot Lake was reached, and not long afterward the train from Ottawa steamed into the station. Forming into a rather formidable phalanx on the platform, the students awaited their Principal, and all eyes were centred on the door of his car as the passengers streamed out. Suddenly a yell rent the air, then another and another until, no doubt, the startled passengers began to think they had come into contact with a menagerie or a Salvation Army detachment. But there was one who did not mistake those enthusiastic shouts, one to whose ear they were as pleasant as the softest music, for they meant a welcome home after months of travel. And as Dr. Grant stepped from his car, the well-worn but favourite chorus "For he's a jolly good fellow" burst forth, then hurrying forward the boys in turn grasped his hand, receiving from him kind words of recognition and greeting. When this performance had been gone through to the satisfaction of all concerned, the train was again headed, the Principal

entering a special car and the students monopolizing another. But owing to the lateness of the train going east the start for home was delayed an hour, and all sorts of devices were employed to while away the time. Our worthy president of the Alma Mater visited an old settler, and procuring from him a pair of buckskin mits, returned in great glee to the train. These having been tried on all round were returned to their owner and pronounced O.K. Then our old friend Rev. Alex. McAulay, who was along, very gracefully presented our Managing Editor a mysterious-looking little parcel. "on behalf of the ladies of Sharbot Lake." This parcel on being opened was found to consist of a diminutive doll. A speech was demanded in return, but somehow before the bashful editor got well started he got mixed up with a lasso, and descended rather abruptly from the back of the seat on which he had been perched. In the middle of this confusion Dr. Smith entered the car accompanied by the Principal, who, on being discovered, was received with great applause.

Silence having been obtained, the Principal thanked the students for their reception, which was all the more gratifying to him since it was entirely unexpected, for he had supposed that most of them had gone home for the holidays. He, however, thought it best to delay any formal address till after classes had opened in January, when he would be able to meet all the students. He was glad to say that his health was entirely restored, and that he had enjoyed his trip exceedingly. But wherever he was the most welcome news was about Queen's and Kingston. It was in the Antipodes—some perhaps would call that the "lower world," and in truth it was rather hot, though he felt quite comfortable there—that the news of convocation and the inauguration of the new professors had reached him. He was very gratified indeed at the three additions to the teaching staff of Queen's during his departure. Messrs. Cappon, McGillivray and Short were decided acquisitions, and the University could not but feel their influence. He was also greatly pleased at the news of the victories of the football team in Montreal, for he had learned from experience that athletics if not pushed to extremes were, instead of being a detriment to study, rather an assistant. While in Japan he had met both Beall and Dunlop, the latter of whom had come hundreds of miles to see him. He was glad to get home, however, and was fortunate enough to be able to do as he had prophesied and reach Kingston on his birthday. Again thanking the students for their welcome the Principal retired to his car amid enthusiastic cheers.

By this time the train was whirling toward the Limestone City, and darkness was fast setting on the surrounding country, so that all attention was turned from the windows to the interior of the car. One of the class of '88, home for the holidays, had joined the excursion, and for the entertainment of the rest now produced an interesting machine, which, when worked aright, resem-

bled two freshies fighting, much to the edification of their scholarly audience. Tired of this, and having exhausted all the songs ever heard of in this region, Jimmie Cochrane was called on for a recitation. Accordingly, supported on either side by an enthusiastic admirer, he launched forth in that magnificent oration, "Friends, Romans and countrymen!" He received wild applause at the end of each sentence, and worked on the feelings of his hearers to a tremendous extent, especially when, with trembling pathos, he called upon them to prepare to shed tears if they had any on hand. This ovation ended abruptly by the speaker forgetting his position and suddenly exclaiming, "Give me back my stick there, McCaumon! You fellows won't let me retrieve myself." Then some more songs were sung, each man choosing his own melody, and altogether the effect was very grand. It was nearly six o'clock when the train rolled into the city, and being reinforced here by more students and citizens, a rush was made for the City Hall, where the Mayor, on behalf of the city of Kingston and in presence of a very large audience, read the following address of welcome to Principal Grant:—

*To the Very Reverend George Monroe Grant, D.D., Principal of Queen's University.*

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—As Chief Magistrate of the city of Kingston, I desire on behalf of the municipal corporation, and also on behalf of the citizens at large, to extend to you a hearty welcome home after your prolonged absence in a distant quarter of the globe. The cause of your absence was one which every person in the community deplored; but we doubt not that while spending an enforced vacation at the Antipodes you saw with delighted vision the far removed extremities of Britain's world-encircling empire, and that warmth of your patriotic sentiment was increased, as your personal acquaintance with our fellow-subjects under the southern cross widened.

When you first came among us, eleven years ago, you brought with you a high reputation for ability and public spirit, and, confiding in the accuracy of common report, we took your good qualities at the time upon trust. During the intervening period, a more familiar observation of your character has served only to deepen and confirm our previous impressions, and we now know you as a public man of rare judgment and capacity, untiring energy, thorough independence, outspoken honesty of conviction, and ardent patriotism. These qualities have not alone won for you the admiration and esteem of your fellow-citizens of Kingston, but they have made your name familiar in the mouths of the Canadian people in every part of the Dominion as a synonym for whatever is virtuous and distinguished in our national public life. The institution with which you are more immediately connected, Queen's University, owes its present flourishing condition principally to your arduous labors. In reviving its languishing vigor, in enlarging the staff, in completing its equipment, and in placing it upon a sound

financial basis, you have accomplished a great and noble work, a work of priceless benefit to the intellectual and moral life of Canada, one which will confer blessings upon society in the distant future, when the present generation shall be forgotten, and the noise of living fame shall have died into an echo.

We are thankful to learn that the health which gave way under your self-sacrificing exertions on behalf of the University endowment fund has been fully restored. We trust you may long be spared to your native country to continue in the plenitude of your powers a career of such great usefulness as yours has been in the past.

For Mrs. Grant and your family we pray that Providence may bestow upon them every gift that can make life fortunate and happy.

J. DUNCAN THOMPSON, Mayor.

The Mayor also read a telegram from the graduates of Queen's, Almonte, who desired to join the citizens and students in sincere congratulations upon the safe return of Principal Grant in renewed health.

The School Board also presented an address, which was read by the Chairman, Mr. T. C. Wilson.

#### REPLY OF THE PRINCIPAL.

Principal Grant was received with great applause. He thanked the Council and School Board for the high public honor paid him. He begged the School Board to excuse him replying to its address; he would do so when the students returned from their holidays. Then he would discuss educational matters. He would also have pleasure in sending a formal reply to the Council. Nothing remained for him but to address his fellow-citizens. He confessed that he found it difficult to express himself on this the first occasion he had received so signal a mark of approval from his fellow-citizens. Naturally he was at a loss how to respond. He felt almost as awkward as the poor fellows who are about to be married—for the first time. (Laughter.) Another reason was that he was unaware why he had received such a mark of public appreciation. Such honors were usually reserved for persons who had gone away and performed some public duty, but he had only taken a holiday and not of his own accord. He had done as his masters ordered, gone away, drawn on them for his expenses, and got well. (Cheers.)

During his absence of nine months he had crossed seven oceans, circled the globe, touched on the five great continents—Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia, and Canada—besides touching at several of those marvellous groups of islands that stud the waters of the vast Pacific, islands he had long desired to see since his youthful fancy had been stirred by the poet laureate, in "Locksley Hall," where in his wanderings he went

"On from island unto island, at the gathering of the day,  
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy  
skies,

Breadths of tropic shades and palms in clusters,  
Knots of Paradise."

How beautiful the words, how rhythmical, but not all the truth. One needs to visit those sub-tropical and tropical lands and learn how poor are the people. There are not as many comfortable homesteads in them all as in this province. (Cheers.) "Larger constellations burning" there may be, but having seen the southern cross it could not at all equal our dear old friend the Great Bear. In that southern land he had stood in the tropic shades, and had had coconuts knocked down by natives, and had discovered what was meant by "the milk in the coconut," but he also found that men were afraid to sit down because of the deadly viper lurking near by, and the beauty and sunlight were but the preparation for the cyclone and typhoon, which tore to atoms the houses of the poor, or floods that swept away the results of their labors. "After all I prefer to stay in Canada," said the Principal, as the audience loudly applauded.

"Yes," he said, "Canada is a good enough country for me, (Cheers), and a great deal too good for any man who has doubts of its future. (Cheers.) Such men to be consistent should go to a country they think better. I can join an old friend of mine, in a nameless city, lamenting over its slow progress who said that things would never be better until a few first-class funerals occurred. (Laughter.) Canada would also be better for a few first-class funerals. However, as Providence had spared them we can do as well by them and a good many more." (Cheers.)

Canada, continued the Principal, never seemed so fair, so promising or so spacious as when he sniffed its air a week ago. Vancouver, with its beautiful site, backed with the magnificent Sierras clothed with Douglass pine and dusted on the summits with snow, was a fairer sight than viewed before on his trip. And then when he stepped on the C. P. R. Pullman he never travelled over a better equipped road in any of the five quarters of the globe. (Cheers.) He advised the people to take the trip to Hong Kong, and they would return better satisfied with their own land. Canada never seemed so fair as after he had seen other countries, for was it not his own land? He held that as a man thought his wife the fairest in all the world—and the man who did not should be shot; no, that was a soldier's death, he should be hung, (Laughter)—and his baby the best in the city, so he had the same right to think of his country. And no city seemed so important to him as Kingston. (Cheers.) He was reminded of it at every point. It seemed to him that it had spread from ocean to ocean. Before he landed his cabin was visited by Rev. Roderick McKay, a graduate of Queen's. On the C. P. R. dining car—and such a car, it would make one's teeth water to tell of the breakfasts given—was found Mr. Karch, who sends his regards to friends; then in the Pullman was found Hugh McLennan, President of the M. T. Co. At Medicine Hat was encountered Mr. Tweed, a member of the North-West Council, and a son of a Kingstonian; then came



Rev. Mr. Herald to send his love to the boys at College, and to his wife, who was looking after them. At Maple Creek, in uniform, was a Mr. Saunders and Major Antrobus, and other old friends. All these things made him think Kingston was spreading out, and then at Swift Current he heard from the Mayor, stating that a reception would be tendered him. At Port Arthur Judge Hamilton was met, who, after greeting the Principal, said: "By the way, I gave you nothing towards the Jubilee fund (cheers and laughter), but before my next birthday I intend to send you \$1,000." (Cheers.) "I tell you," said the Principal, "the judge never looked so handsome—and all the Hamiltons are handsome—and if there were any blemishes in his face I looked at them with my blind eye, for there was such a glow of rosy light in it that its best features were brought out in bold relief." (Cheers.) By the time he got through he felt that he was a citizen of no mean city. He was thankful to God for His goodness and to the citizens of Kingston for their kindness. He had watched for news from Kingston with the greatest eagerness. He was in Australia when he read about the convocation ceremonies, and he was grieved at the impertinence of some students. "Why I believe, Mr. Mayor," remarked the Principal, "that they asked you 'Where's your wig.' (Cheers and laughter.) Now I was annoyed at that, for I felt that they might, at the next convocation, ask me that question, and I would be more to blame, as I had just come from the greatest wool-producing country in the world (cheers), and I haven't brought back enough even to pull. (Laughter.) Why I am as bad as the poor darkey who 'Had no wool on de top ob his head, in de place where de wool ought to grow.'"

He hoped the Mayor was not annoyed, that he did not deprecate the horseplay, for probably he had asked similar impertinent questions under similar circumstances. The President said that on reaching Vancouver he found a batch of papers for him, and what a tale they unfolded. Why he was actually annoyed to think how much better the people had been getting along while he was away, and of how little consequence he was anyway (laughter.) But at what a rate their schemes had been matured. Railways to the east, railways to the west, dry-dock, loop line through the city, water works, "and every one of them good, I am sure." No doubt the improvements would cost something, but sacrifices must be made for the public good. They should not think whether the work would help or hinder them, but would it do good. This evidently was the spirit of every man "except one or two whom I will not venture to name, not knowing them."

And while the city had been advancing by leaps and bounds some citizens had seen dark days, many were in sorrow because strong men and winsome women had been taken. Mrs. Gunn, then in whom a kinder heart never beat, was gone, and Miss Macdonald—with her fine and Scotch stories, with her humour and sound sense, her

geniality ever bubbling from a full cup, always attractive and irresistible—who could associate death with her? And many others whom he did not know personally, but with whose friends he sorrowed. Grim death, indeed, had been knocking at the door of the poor man as well as at the mansions of the rich. Life was indeed short, and 'twere well if they "worked while it was called day, for the night cometh when no man can work." He urged his hearers to follow all that was good in those that were gone.

— "And so to live,

That when the sun of our existence sinks in night,

Memorial sweets of mercies done

May shine our name in memories bright:

And the blest seed we scatter

Bloom in a hundred days to come."

The Principal said that while he had travelled as a private citizen, yet he was continually appealed to in Australia to give his opinions touching Canadian affairs. The people there know as little of Canada as Canadians do of Australia. The little cablegrams about retaliation and the acceptance of Canada, on paying its debt by the United States, were very puzzling, and he was appealed to for enlightenment. He told them two things, (1) that Canada would settle its own future on its merits, and would neither be bullied nor bribed (cheers) by anyone, and (2) that Canadians love and respect the people of the United States—of course not all the politicians; we do not even do that in our own country, much less in another—and have no desire for any friction to mar their relations, and, while the people of the United States loved and respected Canadians, yet they would do neither if they thought that Canadians could be either bullied or bribed. (Cheers.) "Was I not justified in saying so much?" he asked, and the applause that followed was sufficient answer.

He asked no higher name than that of a citizen of Kingston, of Canada. The days of caste and class and privilege, in both spiritual and secular things, is past. All can aspire to serve the country; all can strive for the prize of serving it the most loyally and usefully, with the truest intent and for the farthest-reaching results. He considered that there were three forms of duty sacred to man, his duty to humanity, to the nation, to his family. He had learned to love mankind more than ever before, for he had discovered that no man, no matter his color or the skies he was under, refused to listen to the pleadings or claims of justice and mercy. (Cheers.) He thanked God that Canada was such a country as it was, and that the people, too, were of the right stock. He never, in his travels, saw brawnier or bigger-headed men than in Canada, and he hoped that they would ever seek to do their best for it, continually, ungrudgingly, without fee or reward, except the reward that comes by doing right. But where did he place the Church? Along with political parties. He looked more to the character of the man than the church he belonged to. If he was a

good true citizen and a true man in his family, then he had no fear of the Church.

"Excuse me," he said, "for having spoken at such length. Permit me to thank you for the honour and consideration bestowed on me. I am not ungrateful. Ask for my services whenever you like; they are at your disposal. (Cheers.) And now at this holy Christmas season I bid you good-bye, for I must go to my family, that third form of duty, and which is nearest my heart, but before we go I will conclude with Tiny Tim's blessing, as given in one of Dickens' works, 'God bless us all.'"

The audience dispersed with cheers for Principal Grant, Mrs. Grant, the Queen and the Mayor. Many pressed forward to grasp the Principal's hand before he hurried homeward.

Active preparations are now going on in the city by students and alumni for a grand reception to be tendered the Principal as soon as classes re-open.

#### THE MEDICAL REUNION.

THE third annual reunion of the Royal College occurred on the evening of Dec. 19th in the Arts building, and was a decided success. Those who had the decorating in hand certainly did their work well, for never before did the corridors, rooms, and every other part of the building present a more attractive appearance. Bunting and evergreens everywhere abounded, and many and flattering were the exclamations from the fair guests as they gazed about during the evening.

Shortly after eight o'clock the guests began to stream in at the front entrance, where they were politely received by the students and escorted to the dressing rooms. The band of the 14th P.W.O. Rifles furnished inspiring music, until at nine o'clock Mr. John Duff took the chair in Convocation Hall, and in the name of the students bade all a hearty welcome. Then Dr. Henderson followed, representing the faculty, after which the concert began. The singer of the evening was Mrs. Whitehead, of Rochester, who captivated her hearers by the peculiar fulness and sweetness of her voice, her distinct enunciation and clearness of tone. The first song, "I have lost my Eurilice," from "Orpheus," by Gluck, was rapturously encored, as was also the serenade, "Open thy Lattice," by Gregh. Her other selections were: "Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender," by Lassen; "Two Marionettes," by Cooke; and "The Last Rose of Summer," with orchestral obligato. This last-named song was, in our opinion, the gem of the evening, and it is to be regretted that it did not take place earlier on the program. Miss McCartney, though better known to a Kingston audience, quite astonished those present by displaying a sweetness and purity of tone hitherto unknown, and her natural and easy manner on the stage called forth much admiration. She sang "The Swallow," by Pimsuti, and "The Nightingale," by Gladhill, but excelled in her rendition of a lullaby which she gave in response to an encore demanded by the audi-

ence for "The Nightingale." Miss Telgmann, as a violinist, has few equals in this district, and received rapturous applause for her solo, "Kuywiak," by Wieniawski. The Telgmann orchestra delighted everybody by its selections, especially "The Galaxy of Song," by Ferriazi. The choruses by the students, which were characteristically bright and rollicking, were well received, the one meeting with greatest approbation being "De Royal am meverin along," which was a parody on an old plantation song, and dealt with the faculty of the Royal, individually and collectively.

But this was by no means the only entertainment offered. Between the parts of the program lectures were delivered by Hon. Dr. Sullivan on "The Nose," and Prof. Marshall on "Experimental Physics." Upstairs the bewitching strains from the orchestra had lured many to the ball-room,

"To chase the glowing hours with flying feet," and waltz, polka and lancers, lancers, polka and waltz followed one another rapidly until "God Save the Queen" was played by the band, and the weary, yet still unsatisfied, dancers sought their homes about two o'clock in the morning.

The caterer and his assistants did their work well, the refreshments being served in the English class-room, and also on the third flat for the dancers. Altogether the reunion was very satisfactory to both guests and students, and the committee feel amply repaid for their unsparring efforts to make the event a success.

#### NOTES FROM THE ROYAL.

THE models were surprised a few days ago when one of their most punctual and painstaking Professors failed to appear at his usual hour. The surprise gave place to smiles and the splendid rendering of the chorus, "Dr. —'s Baby is the Picture of its Dad," when it became generally known that Santa Claus had presented the Dr. with a new babe the preceding night.

ENTHUSIASTIC SCIENTISTS.—Professor assures his class that the holding of pipes, cigars, etc., in the mouth while smoking is the great, and almost the only, exciting cause of cancer of the lip. The lecture is scarcely over when nearly every student in the class has a pipe in his mouth and a determined look on his face, which undoubtedly means that he is going to prove this law in the interest of medical science, even if he sacrifices his life in the attempt.

In a subject, recently dissected at the Royal, was found an interesting abnormality, especially so as no such case is on record in any work to which the writer has had access. The sigmoid flexure of the colon, instead of ending in the rectum at the left sacro-iliac synchondrosis, formed at that point an enlarged cul-de-sac, and was reflected across the abdomen to the right iliac region, being attached to the vertebral column by a well-defined mesentery, and passing under the caecum. It here ended in the rectum, which in its first part was to the right, but in its second and third normal.

# ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the A.M.S. was held on Dec. 8th, Vice-President Lavell in the chair. In the absence of the Secretary the retiring Assistant Secretary, Mr. A. B. Cunningham, read an excellent report of the society's progress during the past year. Mr. Heap, the retiring Treasurer, stated that there was a balance of over \$100 in the treasury. On motion of N. R. Carmichael, seconded by J. F. Smellie, the constitution was amended to make it possible for the society to adopt a new one at the second meeting in February, by which time it is hoped that the committee appointed for that purpose will have a satisfactory constitution prepared. Mr. E. Ryan, B.A., the newly-elected President, was then conducted to the chair by Messrs. Duff and Wright. He expressed the hope that all his past words and actions would be forgotten, and that every member of the society would support the staff of officers to the full extent of his power. He then declared the annual meeting adjourned and the first business meeting open.

The prizes won at the annual sports were distributed by Mr. Rankin. On motion of Mr. Smellie, the Secretary was instructed to investigate the possibility of securing the drill-shed as a skating rink. Mr. Telgmann rendered an excellent violin solo, and the meeting adjourned on motion of Mr. Cochrane.

At the second meeting, Dec. 15th, the business was hurried through, nothing of very great importance being done. The debate for the evening was, "Resolved, that Canada should have a standing army." Mr. R. S. Minnos was appointed chairman. The leaders were H. M. Mowat, LL.B., and W. J. Patterson, B.A., and they were ably supported by a number of the students. Col. Cotton, Commandant, Major J. F. Wilson, Captain of "A" Battery, and Major C. R. Mayne, of the R.M.C., were present, and took part in the debate. The chairman decided in favor of the negative.

## PERSONALS.

PROF. FLETCHER has been appointed an examiner in Classics by Trinity College, Toronto.

T. B. Parker, '87, paid us a short visit before the close of College. He was looking well.

We regret to announce that T. Thompson, '91, is laid up with an attack of typhoid fever.

The first number of J. Poole's weekly paper, the *Star*, was published Dec. 18th, in Perth. We wish our old classmate every success.

J. J. Kelly, B.A., '88, has succeeded E. Ryan, B.A., as Principal of the Kingston Academy. He is the third medical student who has occupied this position.

Hear, oh Israel! Give ear, oh ye men of Queen's! We have learned by a late messenger from Japan that Dunlop has a beard. Who-o-o-o-p! What a climate that country must have!

Colin Scott, who, by the way, is the designer of the cut on the cover of the JOURNAL, has been engaged by Lord Stanley to give his daughter, the Hon. Isabella, lessons in water-color painting.

We are glad to see the genial countenance of Ralph M. Lett amongst us again. He has been teaching school in the West during the past year, but has come back to take up the honors in moderns where he dropped them in '87.

A number of graduates spent Christmas in Kingston. Amongst them we noticed Dr. W. A. Lavell, J. H. Lavell, J. H. Kirk, Herb. Hoxey, J. H. McNea, G. F. Henderson, W. Nicol, Harry Folger, Howard Folger, and A. G. Farrell.

Rev. Alex. McAuley has entirely recovered from his recent illness, and now weighs—shall we say it? At any rate when a certain senior heard the amount from the reverend gentleman's lips, he quite forgot himself, and quickly drawing back exclaimed, "Gosh! Don't step on me!"

H. V. Lyon, B.A., '85, has entered into partnership with Smythe & Smith, barristers, Kingston. We don't know whether it was owing to his peculiar surname or not, but somehow we have always thought H. V. would get on in the legal profession. He has our warmest congratulations.

Mr. C. J. Cameron, M.A., on retiring from the position of classical master of the Kingston Collegiate Institute a few weeks ago, was presented with an address and a well-filled purse by his pupils. He responded gracefully and eloquently as becoming one holding, as he does, such an exalted office as Editor of this paper. He will now devote his full attention to the study of theology.

It is not often that we have to chronicle the death of one so loved and esteemed as Dr. T. Cumberland. Few students have left the walls of Queen's leaving behind them a brighter and more enviable record than he, and when we heard of his death at Port Huron on Dec. 16th it was with genuine sorrow. The fact that he had been married but one month at the time of his death renders the circumstance still more painful, and we offer our sincere sympathy to the young widow in her bereavement.

We rise with as much grace as we can muster to thank Dr. T. M. Bertram, whose marriage was announced in our last issue, for the kind token of remembrance he sent to us. This was no less than a large portion of wedding cake, and, as we understand the custom is, we duly slept on a portion of it—we couldn't spare much, but there was at least two crumbs. Just now, however, we dare not recount what befel us thereafter. We hope at any rate it wasn't prophetic, or, if it was, that some other fellow will reap the consequences. Nevertheless we cordially wish Dr. and Mrs. Bertram every happiness, and they may rest assured when it comes our turn we will retaliate in the same way.

When Rev. J. McLaughlin, B.A., left last spring with his young bride for the mission field in Asia Minor, there to work together for the cause of Christ, they carried with them the good wishes of all who knew them, and when a short time ago the sad news of the death of Mrs. McLaughlin was cabled to Canada it caused widespread sorrow, and we can but faintly express the great sympathy the fellow-students of the bereaved husband feel for him in his loneliness and sorrow, but earnest prayers have been offered from loving hearts that the God of all grace may console and strengthen him and uphold him in this time of tribulation.

### COLLEGE NOTES.

THANKS! Same to you!

What about that skating rink?

A good many of the boys remained in Kingston during the holidays.

After the Re-union some enterprising genius rummaged about in the various dark corners of the college and found several gloves, fans and handkerchiefs.

At that same Re-union the most patronized nook was the conveniently dark entrance to the Hebrew room. Some charitable being placed two seats there and veiled the entrance with a flag.

Although the "gym" is by no means perfect, yet it is infinitely better fitted for wrestling in than the reading room. There are some who go to the reading room to read, and it is not fair that they should be disturbed. If this hint is not taken look out for John with a club.

This question was asked in JOURNAL No. 2, "Are we going to have a Glee Club this year?" The rendering of several of the College songs at the Medical Re-union showed that it certainly is not from lack of talent in that direction. We believe that the only plausible excuse is the lack of a leader. Surely some one of our musical men is willing to sacrifice a little for old Queen's.

The opinion seems to have become general amongst the students that the Senate never intended that they should attend classes the "last day." The junior philosophy class was more considerate than the others, and kindly informed the professor (by note) that the class would not meet that day. Remember the old song, boys:—

"The British Lion is a noble scion,

But beware how you tread on his tail."

Some of the boys who remained in town during the holidays were busy for a couple of hours every day in the gymnasium laying in a good stock of muscle on which to fall back next spring, while others, just above them, were rapidly parting with what little they might have had.

While the boys were extending a hearty welcome to Principal Grant at Shurbot Lake and receiving a warm

grasp of the hand in return, a sudden hush fell upon all as the Secretary-Treasurer was observed to glide up with a far-away look in his eye and quote the following in a deep sepulchral voice:—

"I had a dream the other night,  
When all was calm and still,  
I dreamed that each subscriber  
Came up and paid his bill.  
But ere the printer had been paid  
I woke without a red.  
Does anybody see the point?  
If so, why then, 'nuf said.

The chief of the posting department says it is not his fault if all the subscribers don't get their JOURNALS as they leave his hands O.K. But if for some other reason they don't turn up he would like if a card to that effect could be sent to Box 1104.

### DE•NOBIS•NOBILIBUS.

### GROWLS

FROM OUR DYSPEPTIC EDITOR.

SOME fellows think that when they come to college all evil things, such as athletics, musical and literary culture, social pleasures and fun—especially fun—must be sent to the rear, and that to think of anything but study—oh, dear, *that* is awful! I think so too. Of course it doesn't matter whether a fellow is strong and healthy; it doesn't matter whether he knows how to use what voice he has, or cares to use it; it doesn't matter, either, whether he can, if placed on a platform and asked for a speech, make anything but a fool of himself. Certainly not. These are trivial matters. And then the very idea—the *very* idea of talking about social culture! What good is it ever going to do? What does it matter if you can't keep up your own end of a light and pleasant conversation, or walk across the drawing-room gracefully, or be an acquisition to society instead of being a bore? Who wants anything to do with ladies? They never—or very seldom—want to talk about sensible things, such as transcendentalism, or conic sections, or dynamics, or the origin of the Etruscans, or ancient Grecian literature, or—why, they can't talk of a blessed thing but dresses, and operas, and balls, and things like that. Of course I have never tried it, but that's what I hear.

And, then, please inform me what relation there is between *fun* and a noble, learned, studious life. Since coming to Queen's I have actually seen fellows desert their books to go out on the campus, kick a leather ball around, and call it fun. And I have seen them even skip classes for some little thing like a football match, or a meeting of that nonsensical thing they call the Concursus. Was man made to laugh, and joke, and make it pleasant for other people to be in his company than not? Away with such nonsense! I come to college to study, *study*,

study! And when I go out into the world I will be a walking book, a veritable tree of knowledge, so that people will point at me and say, "What that man doesn't know isn't worth knowing." And when I die I ain't particular about people being sorry for me—I don't care much about that, but I shall depart filled with a consciousness of having attained the end for which all true men ought to strive. Did anyone say, "Bats!"?

### ADVENTURE OF A SENIOR.

THE other evening a grave senior, whose failing is, perhaps, absent-mindedness, set out to call on some of the boys. When he had reached the place, as he supposed, without ringing the bell he quietly opened the door and began walking upstairs. Suddenly a piercing shriek broke upon his ears, and a woman's form was seen rushing wildly through the hall away from him. Startled from his reverie, the truth began to dawn upon his mind that he had entered the wrong door, but before he could offer any apology the good man of the house appeared on the scene, and, mistaking him for a burglar, seized him by the throat as he descended the stairs and proceeded to pulverize him. Fortunately, however, he had taken one lesson in boxing in the gym., and was consequently was able to parry the blows showered upon him by his excited assailant. In the end he managed to explain matters satisfactorily, and was permitted to depart in peace. He thinks the people must have been excited by reading reports of the Whitechapel murders, and believes that there should be a law to prevent such things from being printed. He has concluded, however, that it is always safer to ring the bell.

### RESOLUTIONS

MADE AT THIS SEASON BY A FEW OF OUR FRIENDS.

I'll sign the pledge and never taste another drop  
S'elp me. T. B. S.—T.

As far as in me lies, I will endeavor to promote the welfare of the Y.M.C.A. SM—LL—E.

I will buy a bowie knife and a double-barreled club, and declare war on the twins. J. R. MD—S.

Henceforth I will never make more than four calls a week at the same place, and positively swear I will always leave for home—if possible—before Sunday morning. A. E. L. V. LL.

Amen! There's my sentiments sew. A. M. F—SW—CK.

My endeavor will be to secure a place in the prayer meeting for the dear girls. They are so sympathetic, you know. J. SM—R—PE.

After this I will always stop at the fifth glass of ice cream. It doesn't pay to get sick on the sixth and miss the reunion. W. R. SK—S.

To vary things, I will hereafter leave the girls alone—if they will let me—and only occasionally go to Sydenham St. Church. J. F—RR—LL.

I will borrow a razor and get Cunningham to show me how to use it. F. K—NG.

Just see me knock the tar out of those other philosophical beggars and cabbage the medal next spring. T. TH—MPS—N.

Will the man who says I have a hair lip please step over to the gym.? W. C—R—L.

Prof. of Physics—What is the first law of gravity, Mr. F—w—ck?

Mr. F.—Never laugh at your own jokes.

Prof.—How do the Medusæ obtain their food?

Mr. O'C—n—r—Through their mouths.

Score one for Charlie.

Prof.—I will now introduce to the class an animal that is capable of turning inside out without the least inconvenience.

Enter H—y—s, who is late.

Sensation.

The footlight column has already kindled the desire for a theatrical life in the breasts of some of our students. It is our pleasant duty to record the *debut* of Wilkie and J. Kellock on the stage. They made their first appearance in Reynolds' comedy company, and received round after round of applause for the ease and grace with which they took their difficult parts.

A young lady, at the close of the medical rennon, was passing through the hall, on the way to her sleigh, in company with her chaperone, when she suddenly stopped and remarked, "Oh! where is my boa?"

A blushing junior, with a military step, advances from the crowd of students and signifies that the object of her search is present.

"Oh," says the young lady, turning crimson, "I mean the thing that hangs about my neck."

The students go into convulsions, the junior rushes wildly from the building, and the chaperone, after fastening her charge into the sleigh, gives way to immoderate laughter, to the bewilderment of her younger companion.

Sometimes, in metaphysics, ideas launched forth at the wisest heads fail to reach their destination untangled.

Prof.—Why, Mr. R—n, where did you get such non-sensical ideas?

Mr. R.—In "Kant and his English Critics," sir.

Apparently conclusive, but somehow unsatisfactory.

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